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THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

Far o'er the blue-tinted mountain comes the
dawning
Of the sweet summer's ray,
'Neath bluest skies I buckle on my armor,
Against the evil day.

'Mid greenest pastures by clear waters bab-
bling
Along their sunny way,
I hear 'mid songs of praise and anthems
swelling
Dire sounds of deadly fray.

Helmet, and shield, and trusty sword need
testing
On this calm summer day,
That I may stand prepared in armor girded
To greet that evil day.

Chill day of sickness, when the spirit fainting
With anguish sore and deep,
Has need to seize on sword, and shield, and
breastplate,
The foe at bay to keep.

The cold day of adversity, when quailing
Before the gathering storm,
That polished armor will give sure protec-
tion
'Gainst every hurt and harm.

The dark day of temptation, hotly rousing
Wild tempests hid within,
When passions of my evil nature rising
Will slide with death and sin.

The gloomy day of death, when sorely grap-
pling
With dread, and doubt, and fear,
'Mid pain and anguish the great adversary
Will hasten to draw near.

Oh, give me Thy shield of faith resisting
The malice of his dart;
The breastplate of Thy righteousness to
cover
My weak and wayward heart!

Give me the helmet of Thy great salvation,
Defence for guilty head;
Girt round with truth, by blessed peace pro-
tected,
May I life's pathway tread!

The sword of Thy great Spirit firmly grasping
In my weak pilgrim's hand,
Grant, Lord, in evil day Thy armor wearing,
That I may faithful stand!

METHODIST EPISCOPACY—THE NEW RUBRIC.

BY REV. D. A. WHELDON, D. D.

On the 26th of May, on motion of
Rev. Dr. Curry, the late General
Conference ordered the following to
be inserted at the beginning of the
"Form of Consecrating Bishops:"—
"This service is not to be understood
as an ordination to an advanced grade
in the Christian ministry beyond and
above that of elders or presbyters, but
as a solemn and most sacred duties
superintending in the church."

The obvious intent of this rubric is
to teach that the service by which a
presbyter is set apart to the episcopal
office is not an ordination, and that
he is placed by it in no higher minis-
terial rank than he previously held.
Whether it will accomplish that end
will depend somewhat on the result of
the inquiries to which its passage
leads. As the question was not
allowed reference to a committee, and
was passed under the operation of
the previous question, the inquiries
come afterward. And if it be found
that the rubric is historically unsound
and untrue, the only proper thing
will be its recall.

With the second and positive part
of the rubric there is no difficulty,
provided the words are rightly under-
stood. If "consecration" is a
synonym of "ordination," and if
"superintending" means exercising
the functions of a bishop according to
the principles of the fathers and the
constitution of the church, then the
clause is right. If such, however, is
the meaning, the rubric requires to
be understood what it declares is "not
to be understood," and is a self-con-
tradiction. But if, on the other hand,
"consecration" means something
superior to "ordination," and "super-
intending" less than doing the work
of a bishop, it is in hostility to the
history and fundamental law of the
church, and is a step as well in the
wrong way of episcopacy, which the
restrictive rules forbid; and it is,
therefore, unconstitutional.

There is some interesting, and,
possibly, curious, history connected
with the term "consecration" as used

in setting apart to the episcopal office.
Not only did Mr. Wesley hold to
three orders in the ministry, but he
provided three ordination services
under the general head of "The
form and manner of making and
ordaining Superintendents, Elders,
and Deacons," for the use of the
American Church. There is, also,
the special title of "The form of
ordaining a Superintendent," though
the fathers preferred, and soon used,
"Bishop" instead. In the Church
of England Prayer-book these titles
are, "The form and manner of mak-
ing, ordaining and consecrating of
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons," and
"The form and manner of ordinat-
ing or consecrating of an Archbishop
or Bishop." Now, in modifying these
headings, Mr. Wesley twice
deliberately rejected the word "con-
secrating" and retained the word
"ordained." Again, in the formula
used in presenting the candidate, "to
be ordained and consecrated Bishop,"
he struck out "and consecrated,"
and retained "ordained." Still
more, in the two phrases, "shall say
to him that is to be consecrated" and
"the new consecrated bishop," he
actually substituted "ordained" in
place of "consecrated." If, then, the
terms "ordain" and "consecrate"
be different in import, Wesley in-
tended our bishops to be *ordained* and
not consecrated, and the Conference of
1784 intended the same thing. So,
when, in 1864, with the briefest
consideration, our wise men substi-
tuted "consecration" for "ordina-
tion," they went back on both John
Wesley and the fathers of our
church, and cast out what he had
carefully adopted, and *adopted what
he and they had studiously rejected*.

Change of name, to be sure, does not
change the thing; but the new
"rubric" undertakes, by denying
that it is an ordination at all, to
change the thing.

Another interesting fact is that in
ordaining bishops "consecrate" is
the favorite term in both the Church
of England and the Protestant Epis-
copal Church, as well as in the Church
of Rome. It is the term used where
both are not found. The head lines
read, "The Consecration of Bishops."
So does the Thirty-sixth Article of
both churches. The chosen phrase is,
"consecrate a bishop," and the more
intense the High-Churchism, the
greater is the emphasis. Charles
Wesley, who believed in divine right
and succession, was horrified because,
as he said, his brother John had
"consecrated a bishop." The Gen-
eral Conference of 1864, then, in
substituting "consecration" for "or-
dination," not only rejected Wesley's
preferred word, but adorned the Dis-
cipline with the most favored term of
High-Church Prelacy. It is one of
the curiosities of history that the
mover of that action gave as his rea-
son the desire of getting away from
High-Church phraseology, and the
Conference, without inquiry, hastened
to pass it. The story goes that on
discovering that the Conference had
simply been led to adopt the term most
delighted in by the Episcopal Prayer-
book and prelatists, he was greatly
disgusted. And well he might be.
So it turns out that, if consecration
differs from ordination, the new rubric
approves the stronger and more pre-
latic word. Nowhere in all liturgical
history, so far as the writer has found,
is it the weaker and inferior word,
except as attempted in the hasty and
unconsidered adoption of this rubric.

The real truth, ordination and con-
secration are interchangeable terms,
both meaning the setting apart to
specific functions in the Christian
ministry. In our church there are
three such separate acts admitting to
three distinct ranks or grades of office
and work, the functions and duties of
the third being much higher above
the second than those of the second
are above the first. The Church of
England title, "The Form of Ordain-
ing or Consecrating," proves the
equality of the two terms. Wesley,
who never needlessly multiplied words,
could see the use of but one, and re-
tained only the former, conforming to
it the entire service. Coke ordained
Asbury, if there is truth in history,
and he meant it to be understood as
an "ordination." His sermon on the
occasion he published, with the title,
"The Substance of a Sermon preach-
ed . . . at the Ordination of the
Rev. Francis Asbury to the office

of Superintendent." He called it
"ordination." Asbury called it
"ordination." They also used "con-
secrate" as equivalent to "ordain."
Moreover, "the fathers of our church"
said it was an "episcopal ordination,"
and such has been the continual, un-
varying declaration of the church in
its Discipline from 1789 to this hour.
Coke and Asbury's "Notes on the Dis-
cipline" use both terms as of the same
meaning, for they speak of the con-
secration of bishops, and also say that
our bishops "have no power to ordain"
a person for the episcopal office till he
be first elected by the General Con-
ference. The new rubric, then, makes
a distinction where these "fathers"
knew no difference.

Notwithstanding the abundant proof
that Wesley ordained Coke to the
episcopate and intended the act to be
a strict ordination, Coke's "letters of
episcopal orders" are appealed to in
disproof, because the document does
not say "ordain" or "order." Will
the reader, if he be a minister, please
hunt up and examine his own ordination
papers? His letters of deacon's orders
read: "I . . . by the imposition of my
hands and prayer, have this day
set apart A. B. for the office of a
deacon." His letters of elder's orders
say the same, except "for
the office of an elder." Coke's
letters of episcopal orders read:
"I have this day set apart as a super-
intendent, by the imposition of my
hands and prayer, . . . Thomas
Coke." Because the certificate does
not say "ordain," but only "set
apart," is the deaconate therefore not
an order and the service not an ordina-
tion? And, with the same condi-
tions, is the eldership not an order?
Yes, verily, by the same rule, is the
episcopate not an order and the ser-
vice an ordination? If one means
ordination and order, the others do.
The ordination is in the imposition
of hands setting apart to a distinct
ministerial rank with new and specific
functions and for a life-long work.
That the bishop is thus placed in a
distinct grade is manifest in that he
is "to preside over the flock of
Christ," ordain to the ministry, and
do the work of "government in the
church." Truly, all this is "beyond
and above" what a mere elder can
do.

The new rubric is also at war with
the Discipline in teaching that the
service is not an ordination. In the
first place, we have the general title,
"Ordination," under which are three
particulars, the first of which is en-
titled, "The Form of Consecrating
Bishops." "Consecration for the
special and most sacred duties of
superintending" is, then, by the Dis-
cipline, an ordination. In the second
place, a bishop among us is constitu-
ted by election and the laying on of
hands. In the service he is asked,
"Will you be faithful in ordaining or
laying hands upon and sending others?"
Here ordaining and imposi-
tion of hands mean the same thing.
Him upon whom by order of the
church he lays hands, he *ordains*;
and the laying on of hands upon a
bishop-elect is an ordination. Wheth-
er it be to a higher grade than elder
depends upon the ability and right of
an elder to do a bishop's work. That
work is one for which no Methodist
presbyter is competent by the law of
the church until he is advanced be-
yond the rank of presbyter. The
service, then, is, really and truly,
"an ordination to an advanced grade
in the Christian ministry beyond and
above that of elders or presbyters."
To say that it is a "consecration,"
there can be no possible objection ex-
cept that it is the favorite Romish,
Anglican, Protestant Episcopal, Pre-
latic term, and un-Wesleyan besides.

The conclusion is, the two clauses
of this rubric are simply equivalents,
and the rubric itself is a self-contra-
diction. This, however, was not the
intention. Whatever the purpose
was, one can hardly help connecting
it with the movement of a dozen
years ago toward the radical modifi-
cation of our episcopacy, abolishing
its ordination, and making it quad-
rennally elective. But be it under-
stood, any change of its character,
rights, powers, and dignities, as they
were fashioned by the fathers of our
church, is beyond the power of a deli-
gated General Conference. If this
was the aim, it is assuredly null and
void.

A GIFT FROM EACH AND ALL.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

The world expects something great
of our Methodist Church. All other
denominations join in this expectation.
The Master of earth's harvest-fields
measures our duty by His own sacri-
fices in our behalf. It is a great
thing for a church organization to
reach the close of the first hundred
years of its history. There we stand
to-day. But a hundred such years!
The choicest and best century of all
time is rounded out with this year.
The resurrection, moral, spiritual,
and intellectual, of humanity, distin-
guishes this marvelous century.
What progress, what destructions,
have been witnessed! A new
world than Columbus ever discovered
has been brought to light, and a
newer world beyond the newest is
the hope and promise of the present
hour. "For humanity sweeps on-
ward," and does not sit down to weep
because all possible conquests are
achieved. A wider horizon than
ever known before gladdens the eyes
of those who have climbed the hill-
tops of vision. Faith opens won-
derous vistas of possible progress.
Then our church has not been a fail-
ure in this magnificent century.

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

"When He first the work began,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sun's strongholds it overthrow,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell."

But encouraging and satisfactory
as have been the achievements of the
past, there is no good reason why
they may not be surpassed. What-
ever power there may be in num-
bers, wealth, culture, and social po-
sition, is possessed by the Meth-
odist Episcopal Church, and in a very
important sense it may be said that its
future depends to a very great degree
upon the spirit and method with
which this power is employed. The
greatest measure of influence is at-
tainable when all individuals contrib-
ute all available resources to carry
forward all legitimate enterprises of
the church. The mistake should
never be made that the spiritual work
can be accomplished by a few; the
greater the number actively engaged,
the more results will be multiplied.
The same is emphatically true in re-
gard to the financial work of the
church. The vast sums that are
needed every year for church and
parsonage building, and for current
expenses in a growing denomination
of almost two million members, can-
not be expected to come from the
comparatively few who are possessed
of wealth. There is need that all
should share in the privilege of sup-
porting the means of grace. In this
way alone can financial prosperity
be secured, while at the same time
the blessedness of sharing in the ex-
ercise of Christian beneficence is en-
joyed.

These facts are worthy of special
consideration in connection with the
successful carrying out of the plans
for the observance of the centennial
year of the organization of our
church. The sum of ten millions
has been set as the amount to be
raised. This is to be independent of
what is done to aid local interests,
and, for the most part, is to be applied
to the development of already exist-
ing denominational institutions of
learning. These institutions are scat-
tered all over the world, wherever our
missions have been established, as
well as in the entire sweep of our
own country. Ten millions of dol-
lars divided *pro rata*, on the basis of
students in attendance, will not put a
single institution in a condition of
greatest possible usefulness. It will
still be true that money will be need-
ed. The fact of growth and progress
involves the idea of continued need.

But however great the needs, it is
doubtless true that the present re-
sources of the church are amply suf-
ficient to meet them all. There is no
occasion for fear or distrust. The
only question is as to the willingness
of the people to answer the calls that
may be made upon them. Some
there are who will respond promptly
and liberally—they always do; but
how about the great majority? How
about those who need line upon line,

and who seldom give except under a
pressure? Surely, in such a year as
this a reasonable pride and grateful
love ought to influence every loyal
Methodist heart. We cannot afford
to have this year's effort result in
failure, nor in anything unworthy of
our past and present, and there ought
to be such a feeling of deep affection
for the church as to make it easy for
every one to sacrifice, if need be, the
sum total of our gifts may rise
even above the ten millions.

This can be done; and it will be
done if all will resolve to do some-
thing. Remember, the plan is to
give something to the cause of educa-
tion over and above what is given for
other causes. The rich will give of
their abundance, the poor of their
poverty. All will share in the sacri-
fice and joy. Let each resolve from
this hour to consecrate a worthy gift
to some one of our educational insti-
tutions. Young men and women
ought especially to feel an interest in
the success of this year's endeavor.
The work must not be left for the
fathers and mothers; the children
must be depended upon to help the
good cause along. It may require self-
denial on the part of many, but this
will insure a double blessing. Let all
give, and then when we shout the
"harvest home," all may join in the
gladness and thanksgiving of that
hour.

HOURS WITH ASBURY.

BY MARK TRAPFON.

And so the staunch old ship was
fairly launched, her sails spread to
the breeze, her course set, and she
starts off on her glorious voyage;
from her mast-head floats the flag
bearing the motto, "Free Salvation."
Some of our old fellows remember
right well the old song, which used to
set the hearts of the passengers like
a drum, when rolled out by scores of
voices,—

"Oh, what ship is that comes sailing by?
'Tis the old ship of Zion. Hallelujah!"

Yes,
"We know what Master laid thy keel,
What working wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What avails rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not such sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the waves and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers and tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!"

The grand old admiral had sent out
by Dr. Coke a rough draft of a
chart and sailing orders, but as these
were originally prepared for English
waters, they were not just calculated
for these new American seas. And
so our young captain sometimes
found the waters rapidly shoaling
where he should have found deep
water, and occasionally heard from
the look-out the startling cry,
"Breakers right ahead!" where
ought to have been free sailing; and
so he must luff or bear away occa-
sionally. At last he comes to see
that safety demanded a revision of
the chart to adapt it more perfectly to
the condition of things here.
Restless Dr. Coke had just now (June
1, 1784) hailed a boat and left for
home. "We parted with heavy
hearts." And now the good ship is
left in the sole charge of Mr. As-
bury.

"For some time past I had not
been quite satisfied with the order
and arrangement of our form of dis-
cipline," he writes; not dissatisfied
with the subject matter itself, but the
directions were confused somewhat,
and though an Englishman might
readily understand them, an Ameri-
can would be in danger of falling into
mistakes which would imperil the
harmony, if not the safety, of the
ship. "So we set about it, and dur-
ing my confinement in Jersey City,
completed the work." And this inde-
fatigable hero held on his course,
toiling through forests, fording swollen
rivers, struggling through snow-drifts,
in Virginia! Weary, sick, often ut-
terly broken down, yet onward still,
sharing the poor fare of the people,
and asking no preacher to go where
he will not himself venture. He
says: "I have been greatly tempted
to impatience and discontent. The

roads are bad, my horse's hind feet
without shoes, and but little to eat;
to this I may add that the lodgings
are unclean and uncomfortable."

Cokesbury College gives him not a
little trouble; he differs from the
council in some matters relative to
its management. O'Kelley, that
restless spirit, writes to England
about it, and Dr. Coke suddenly ap-
pears on the scene, in 1791. "Feb.
23, long-looked-for Dr. Coke came to
town; he had been shipwrecked off
Edisto. I found the Doctor's senti-
ments with regard to the council
[college board] quite changed. James
O'Kelley's letters had reached
London." "I felt perfectly calm,
and acceded to a general conference,
for the sake of peace." He does not
tell us in what particulars he differed
from the council, and it matters little,
as in a few months the whole
structure was but ashes, and Asbury
from that time gave up all efforts to
build colleges to educate ministers.
It was rebuilt by the efforts of Coke,
when a second conflagration con-
vinced Coke, also, that it was not the
will of God that their attention and
labors should be turned in that direc-
tion.

As yet our Bishop had not put
foot on New England soil. But
Methodism had crossed the line, and
was spreading with encouraging suc-
cess. Mr. Lee, who had been the
traveling companion of Asbury for
some time, had passed into Connecti-
cut, preaching in many places, and
came into Massachusetts. One day in
August, 1789, late in the afternoon,
"a solitary horseman" might have
been seen riding over the causeway
leading from Roxbury (Rocksbury)
to the village of Boston. He was
portly, with florid countenance, his
long hair falling in ringlets upon his
shoulders. He wore a broad-brimmed
drab hat and a suit of hodge-n-grey.

Striking into Tremont Street, he
rode slowly on until he reached the
village cow-pasture, now the inimita-
ble Common. There were lads and
maidens "minding the kine," for it
was not enclosed by a fence, and
many of the villagers were out for an
evening stroll. Tying his steed to a
tree, the traveler walked down to the
Old Elm, removed his hat, and com-
menced singing a hymn. The people
gather about him, wondering what
manner of man he could be. Then
he knelt upon the grass and prayed,
thus forever consecrating Boston Com-
mon to religious purposes. Then
came the sermon, not read, but talked
to the people. This was the celebra-
ted Jesse Lee. He closed, but no
one spoke to him or invited him to
the shelter of a roof for the night.
He remounts, and rides to Lynn, for
he is on a tour of exploration into
the province of Maine and New
Brunswick.

A few years pass, and Mr. Asbury,
now Bishop, visits for the first time
New England. He reaches New Ha-
ven alone, as Dr. Coke, hearing of
the death of Mr. Wesley, has hasten-
ed to embark for England. An
appointment to preach had been for-
warded and published in the papers.
The college president, the resident
clergyman and some few others list-
ened to him and left. "No one
spoke to me," says the poor man, and
he says he thought of Mr. White-
field's words to Mr. Boardman and
Pilmore, "If ye were Calvinists ye
would take the country before ye."
He comes to Middletown, had the
church of the "standing order" to
preach in, but had to ride a mile
out of town to find a place in which
to sleep. On to another point, where
he occupied the church of the Sepa-
ratists. "I alarmed the town by the
excessive noise I made, and thereby
enlarged my congregation!" He
likes the country; it reminds him of
England more than any of the States
he has visited.

He visits Newport; thinks the
Methodists may have a chapel here
in the future. Providence is promi-
sing. "I think the Lord will revive
His work here," and He has. He
finds here "the old prophet, Mr.
Snow, seventy years of age, awak-
ened by the preaching of Gilbert
Tennant." "The people are frugal,
prudent, active — kind to strangers."
On to Boston! "It was appointed
for me to preach in Mr. Murray's
church — not at all pleasing to me."
So the first Methodist sermon
preached in a church in Boston was in
a Universalist church, the pastor of

which was a class-leader of Mr. Wes-
ley in England. "I had about twenty
or thirty people to preach to. It
seems to me that those who professed
friendship for us were ashamed to
publish us!" He finds it difficult to
find a lodging-place, and says: "I
have done with Boston until we can
obtain a lodging, a house to preach
in, and some to join us." He thinks
the bridges are great works; "and
the people are not ashamed to labor;
of their hospitality I cannot boast."
In Charleston, wicker Charleston
[South Carolina], six years ago, a
stranger, I was kindly invited to eat
and drink by many — here by none!
The Methodists have no house; their
time may come!

We should feel like saying some-
thing here, did we not remember that
at the last session of the New En-
gland Conference in this same Bos-
ton, a place of entertainment for the
presiding Bishop could not be found
in the city, and the committee were
obliged to send him to a hotel! Sure-
ly, whatever improvement may have
been made in "the bridges," not
much is found in its hospitality!

On to Lynn, and to a surprise. "I
was surprised to find a house raised
for the Methodists" — the first in
New England. "As a town I think
Lynn the perfection of beauty!"

"Here we shall make a firm stand,
and from Lynn shall the light of
Methodism and truth radiate through
the State." Prophetic words!
Then to Marblehead, and his "heart
was more melted towards this people
than to any in these parts, save
Lynn!" He preaches in Mr. Story's
meeting-house, and Mr. Lee in the
evening to a large number of people;
and this is the first intimation
given of Mr. Lee's presence as his
traveling companion. "This day
Brother Jesse Lee put into my hand
a paper proposing the election of not
less than two, nor more than four,
preachers from each Conference to
form a General Conference in Balti-
more, 1792, to be continued annual-
ly." This was the initiatory step for
the quadrennial General Conference
of the M. E. Church.

Here we must leave the old hero
for the present, wishing him a warm
reception and more generous hospi-
tality while in New England, while
we try the hospitality of the Maine
woods.

CENTRAL TENNESSEE COLLEGE.

The nineteenth annual session of this
school began on Monday, Sept. 8.
The growth of this school has been steady
and healthful. The buildings erected by
the Freedmen's Bureau in 1868 and '69
were spoken of by those who made
addresses at their dedication as ample
for all needs for many years. In less
than five years these buildings were so
crowded that rooms which were intended
for two were used by from three to five
students. The Tennesseans, who will
long be remembered for their excellent
rendering of the slave cabin religious
songs, brought into the treasury of the
Freedmen's Aid Society over ten thou-
sand dollars, which enabled that Society
to erect a four-story brick building,
costing nearly twenty thousand dollars.
Great was the joy when it was dedicated.
"Now we shall have room for twenty
years to come," was the thought that
found expression at its opening.

Five years had hardly passed when
every room was occupied, and no special
efforts had been made to advertise the
school. The Meharry Medical building
is added, and all the dormitories are
occupied in this building; and during
the past year we were compelled to say
to others who wished to come, "We
cannot accommodate any more in the
boarding department." Crowded, and
the educational work among the freed-
men just beginning! What can we do?
The venerable secretary of the Free-
men's Aid Society, who has for sixteen
years toiled so faithfully in the interests
of the freedmen's schools, and the past
four as faithfully for the whites, reports
that just now the society cannot erect
additional buildings on account of the
heavy demands upon its resources. We
must do something. One of the trustees,
Rev. H. W. Key, proposed that we try
the singers again. The plan was pre-
sented to the board of trustees at their
annual meeting, and heartily endorsed
by the entire board; Bishop I. W. Wiley
and Rev. Dr. Rust, corresponding secre-
tary of the F. A. Society, being present,
and members of the board, the former
being president.

In accord with this action, the Central
Tennessee College singers will soon be
before the public, and especially the
Christian public, to render their songs,
which will be a rich treat to the lovers of
the quaint old songs which cheered the
hearts and helped to bear the burdens of
many of the Christian slaves. The

(Continued on page 8.)

From the same house we have their Standard Library, TEN YEARS POLICE COURT JUDGE, by Judge W. Little, of a Country Circuit. Evidently

1997

The Family.

NO GOOD WITHHELD.

BY A. C. HAMMILL.

When I fall for want of wisdom,
When my way I cannot see,
I turn to the olden story
That has ever its lesson for me.

And every precious promise
That with joy my life can fill,
Is a key to God's full store-house,
Where I may take at will.

The days I tell in rowing
Are precious days to me,
For He comes upon the surges,
In my sea of Galilee.

When I need the wine of Cana,
I know He will redress for me
My cups, and give them brimming
With all His strength so free.

On every page of the Bible,
I read His wondrous "Yes,"
So I expect His "all things,"
His best, for every day.

"His gold He has not promised,
Nor honor," do you say?
"All these things shall be added;
So I work for these and pray."

But if His love shall show me
That He can best prepare
And grace my heavenly mansion,
He holds my earthly share.

I will sing His promise,
"No good will He withhold
From those who walk uprightly;"
His "good" is more than gold.

EDWARD T. TAYLOR.

The Sailor, Peddler, Farmer,
Preacher.

[From the *Chautauquan* for October, 1883, by
COLMAN E. BISHOP.]

[Concluded.]

It was the activity of his brain, the realism of his imagery and the homely naturalness of his language that made some of his transitions abrupt to grotesqueness and some of his speech border startlingly on impropriety. He really thought aloud—which many a matter-of-fact, heavy speaker would find it unsafe to do. Dissociated from his context and from the earnestness and devout spirit of the man, they sound much worse than when uttered.

It was the combination of these two qualities which made him an extravagant in speech, erratic in sentiment, and inconsistent with himself. He was whatever he thought or imagined for the moment; his genius possessed and controlled him. Thus he was a radical temperance reformer, but he denounced prohibitory legislation and hurled ridicule at those who proposed the use of an unfettered wine in the sacrament; he called it "raisin water." Of rum-sellers he said: "I wonder that the angels in heaven do not tear up the golden pavements and throw them on their heads;" but he conjured those who should succeed him to "Cast out from this church, in my name, any man that comes up to the altar with his glue-pot and dye-stuff."

Dr. Jewett says: "I have heard him at times when I have been amazed at the utter inconsistency of his views, not only with any standard of doctrine recognized as sound by other men, but with his own public utterances of perhaps the week previous. His imagination, once fairly excited, could furnish in thirty minutes material for half-a-dozen speeches of an hour each; and, unfortunately, it frequently happened that different parts of the same speech could be used on opposite sides of the same question."

So he denounced the abolitionists and slavery in the same breath. "Before I would assist one of those Southern devils to catch a pigger," he shouted, after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "I would see him in hell, and I would shout halloo to him to the end of it!" "You talk like a rabid abolitionist," said his interlocutor. "No," he cried, with even more vehemence; "no, I despise them. They have cursed the land!" He called Foster, the abolitionist orator, "a devil on the platform." His reverence for the church led him to consign summarily to a hotter climate those who came out on the anti-slavery issue; and he was a vehement advocate of church authority and evangelical orthodoxy; yet the most of his life he preached for Unitarians; and he openly defied the mandates of the Conference regarding Masonry, being a member of the fraternity, and he submitted to church discipline for his contumacy, but refused to withdraw from the order, and prayed in public for the anti-Masons, "O, Lord, make their hearts as soft as their heads are." Plainly, there was no managing such a tempestuous soul, and he was left to go his own way. Honor be to the church that had the magnanimity and broad charity to let him do his own grand work in his own grand way. It was herein as grand and eccentric as an organization as he was among men.

His sarcasm, wit, terseness, and vigor of speech were the outcome of an energetic and picturesque mind, struggling with a limited vocabulary for its expression. His sentences were explosive. "This fast age," he said, "would be glad to put spurs to lightning, and blow a trumpet in the ears of thunder." Again, "Some people think they are saints. If they could see themselves as the just in glory see them they wouldn't dare to look a decent devil in the face." "If I owed the devil a hypocrite, and he wouldn't take that man for pay, I'd repudiate the debt." He called another minister, who had preceded him, and infringed on his allotted time, "As selfish as a whale who takes in a ton of herring before breakfast." Again, "It is a great mistake to think of converting the world without the help of sailors. You might as well think of melting a mountain of ice with a moonbeam, or of heating an oven with snow-balls." He called morality, without religion, "Starting a man to heaven with an icicle in his pocket." "I am not two inches off heaven!" he exclaimed, in a moment of religious exaltation. He said to Channing, the Unitarian:

"When you die angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders." "Sailors' hearts are big as an ox's; open like a sunflower, and they carry them in their right hands ready to give them away." One of his converts, gifted in prayer, he always called "Salvation set-to-music." A colored brother, speaking with the simple pathos of his race, drew from Father Taylor the ejaculation, "There is rain in that cloud."

But, whether homely or lofty, whether pathetic or witty, he always talked in dead earnest out of his warm heart, out of his seething brain, and everything was gilded by the magic touch of imagination. "A man," says Stevens, "who could scarcely speak three sentences, in the pulpit or out of it, without presenting a striking poetic image, a phrase of rare beauty, or a sentences sarcasm, whose discourses presented the strangest, the most brilliant exhibition of sense, epigrammatic thought, pathos, and humor, spangled over by an exhaustless variety of the finest images and pervaded by a spiritual earnestness that subdued all listeners." "His splendid thoughts came faster than he can speak them," said Harriet Martineau, "and at times he could be totally overwhelmed by them if a burst of tears, of which he was wholly unconscious, did not aid him in his relief." "I have seen a diamond shining," said Dr. Bartol, "but he was a diamond on fire."

3. *Sympathy.* Here was the secret of his power over men. His emotional nature constantly overflowed all else. With a marvelous intuition in reading character, a free-masonry with all phases of human emotions, a magnetism that put him inside of every heart, he became the better self, the ideal longing of each listener. It made no difference how learned or stolid the man was; Father Taylor got hold of him and stirred his heart from the bottom. A man of wit said, "I am always afraid when I am laughing at Father Taylor's wit, for I know he will make me cry before he has done with me." People cry and laugh alternately, and sometimes both together. Laughter is the best preparation for tears. "Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear." [Are we not all inconsistent, eccentric, at the bottom of our natures, i. e., at our very best?] A New York comedian came to study the method of one of those acting he had heard much report; he was so affected by the unlearned art of this master of the soul that he fairly blubbered behind his handkerchief.

Dr. Wentworth, of another occasion, said: "The immense audience swayed in the wealth of his eloquence like a forest of willows. We laughed, we wept, we shouted in turns; and finally, finding myself getting utterly unmanned, and rapidly dissolving into tears and brine, I hid the pulpit and hid myself out of earshot of this extraordinary scene."

Dr. Wakely, of New York, describes the effects of a prayer by Father Taylor, at the New York Conference: "The ministers wept all over the house like little children. Dr. Capers and Dr. Pitman were in the pulpit with me. Dr. Capers wept and trembled exceedingly; and Dr. Pitman laughed and cried alternately—smiles and tears strangely blended."

"His pathos is the most awful of his powers," said Miss Martineau, terrified at his control over her emotions; "I have seen a single clause of a short sentence call up an instantaneous flush on hundreds of hard faces."

Many would not expose their hearts to hear him a second time; they could not bear the overmastering power. Dr. Bartol very finely said: "What was the secret but a sympathy, raised to the highest power, so as to exceed all that we conceive under that name, so that he saw out of people as well as into them?" He put on their eyes for his eyes, glasses, looking at the world as they did, and they found and felt him in them at the core and centre." He was a master of pathos," said Dr. Bellows; "rough sailors and beautiful and cultivated Boston girls, and men like Webster and Emerson, and shop boys and Cambridge students, and Jenny Lind and Charles Dickens, and Harriet Martineau, and everybody of taste or curiosity who visited Boston were seen weeping together with Father Taylor. Ah, the human heart, down at the bottom, is one."

He loved all little children with all his Master's passion. The baptism of infants was always a baptism of joy and tears with him. He would gather one to his breast and kiss and croon over it like a mother. Taking a beautiful little girl in his arms, he raised her before the whole audience, and said, with streaming eyes, "Look at the sweet lamb! Her mother has brought her to Christ's fold. A baptism of heaven be on thee, my pretty dove." All children recognized him at sight for one of their guild. A ragged little girl walked into the church at his funeral, laid a buttonhole bouquet on the coffin, and said timidly and sweetly, "He was my friend," and so departed. Once when he had been called to several children's funerals in succession, he said to a friend whom he met in the street, "There is something wrong somewhere. There are storms brewing when so many doves are flying aloft."

At funerals he was a refuge of consolation. He entered into the hearts bereaved that he felt their hurt. "Father, look upon us," he once implored, with mighty and tender supplication, "we are a widow!" "It is no wonder to me," said Harriet Martineau, "that the widow and orphan are cherished by those who hear his prayers for them." Drunken sailors or abandoned women, none were left out of reach of his infinite sympathy; and it reached the uttermost parts of the earth. A sailor boy has died and been buried in South America, and he prays that the Comforter may be near the bereaved father "when his aged heart goes forth from his bosom to flutter around the far Southern grave of his boy!" "I am Shakespeare more dramatic," Shelley

more imaginative, Longfellow more pathetic than this?"

Out of this faithfulness love he preached his gospel of happiness and purity and love; for it was doubtless true, as he declared, that "he never knew the time when he did not love God." Out of it came his sweet charity and tolerance. His lovers were of all denominations and of none—Catholics, Universalists, Unitarians—for he was "altogether lovely." When one at a camp-meeting excluded from salvation came to these sects, all men who used tobacco and all women who wore jewelry, Father Taylor broke in indignantly. "If that's true, Christ's mission was a failure. It's a pity He came." "How far apart are heaven and hell?" he was asked. "I tell you," said he, "they are so near that myriads of souls to-day don't know which they are in."

"Blessed Jesus," he prayed, "give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction; for we want to look all around the horizon—yes, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean." "When *Bigotry* is buried I hope I shall be at the funeral," he said. His intimacy with the Unitarians, and his remarkable tribute to Channing have been cited. Of Emerson he said: "He has the sweetest soul God ever put into a man. If the devil gets him he will never know what to do with him." A theologian asked him what he was going to do with the Unitarians; "I don't know," he said, confidentially. "If they go to hell, they'll change the atmosphere." "Is your son-in-law a Christian?" asked a solicitous brother. "Not exactly," replied Father Taylor, "but he's a very sweet innor."

4. *His humor.* This kept all cheerful, healthy and bright. He was a "laughing Christian." I do not think he ever used humor merely to make people laugh, but always with an earnest purpose back of it. He was no joker, and rarely thought his own keen thrusts subjects for merriment.

Of his maliceless, his good sense, his improvidence, his sweet and beautiful home life, space does not suffice to speak.

If he be an original character among men is to be eccentric, Father Taylor was indeed odd. "He was in all things himself and not any one else; in this generation there has been but one Father Taylor," said Dr. Waterston; and Dr. Bartol declared that, "No American citizen—Webster, Clay, Everett, Lincoln, Choate—has a reputation more impressive and unique." No one understood his singularity better than himself. "I will not wear a strait-jacket or Chinese shoes," he declared. Having been invited to lecture, he said: "I can't lecture; I would not lecture if I could. Your lectures are all macadamized; they are entertainments where those who go cross n't visit the theatre. I must cross n't visit the theatre. I must cross n't visit the theatre."

Like all greatly eccentric souls, I presume he felt his own isolation and want of comprehension of himself by others. One who sat far into the night in common of soul with him, said: "You are a strange mortal." "Well," said he, pathetically, "I have made up my mind there never was but one E. T. Taylor, and so far as I have anything to do with it, there never shall be another."

When we think of his birth, training, and surroundings—the child of the plantation and the graduate of the fore-castle—and contrast this with his peculiar powers, his strange career, and above all in rarity his wonderful world wide mission, it is not too much to say that Father Taylor is without a parallel in American history. "An impulsive, untrained, and erratic genius;" there was a fixed purpose and a continuity of effort, such as is seen in few lives. If extravagant in speech and inconsistent in views, his intensity, vividness, and realism make all sound like plain common-sense. Haughty and tender, impetuous and democratic, grand and simple, splendidly uncultured; a strange, terrible power among men always used for leading, driving, persuading to righteousness. He deserves a paraphrase of a higher tribute than Phillips, the Irish barrister, gave to Napoleon. Such a medley of contradictions and at the same time such individual consistency for right were never before united in the same character. In the solitude of his originality, he was always the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—a man without a model and without a shadow.

"I do not want to be buried in dirt. But bury me rather in the deep salt sea, where the coral rocks shall be my pillow, and the sea-weeds shall be my winding-sheet, and the waves shall sing my requiem forever." And it was not done. Conventional triumph triumphed in death over the old eccentric, who had defied it as long as he lived.

Our Girls.

NELL'S OPPORTUNITIES.

BY KATE S. GATES.

CHAPTER III.

"How easy is the thought, in certain moods of the loveliest, most angelic devotion! How hard is the doing of the act in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties!"—*Macdonald.*

I do not know just how it came about, but some way, in the course of a few days, Nell, who in her humble gratitude had felt so pitifully patient, began to weary of her well-doing.

Jennie was not particularly interesting. She was, at times, very trying, and, furthermore, she showed a decided objection to Nell's rather summary efforts in her behalf, which that young lady resented.

"I really do think, mama, that there is no earthly use in trying to do anything with her. Now to-night I found

her reading a real trashy novel. I tried to get her to read history with me; she could learn considerable while she is here. One would think she might have manifested a little gratitude at my being willing to spend my time, but she didn't. She said she wished to the land's sake I'd tend to my own business and let her alone for a spell. She need not worry; I shall hereafter."

"My dear," said Mrs. Weston gravely and tenderly, "do you ever think how much our Heavenly Father bears from us—how patient and forgiving He is? Cannot we try to be like Him? Have we anything to bear from others compared with what He has with our poor, sinful, wandering selves?"

Nell was silent; she did not like to persist in her complaints of Jennie after this, and yet she did feel out of patience with her.

"And then, Nellie," said her mother, "have you done by her just as you would be done by?"

Nell's face flushed. After all she had given up and been willing to do, it was rather hard in mama to ask that question.

"You know," continued Mrs. Weston, "that the shepherds of the Eastern countries do not drive their flocks, but lead them. And you remember, Paul speaks of becoming all things to all men if thereby he might win some soul. I wonder, sometimes, if we might not be more successful in our efforts to do good if we were more careful, more prayerful about our manner, our way of doing, if we tried to lead persuasively instead of driving? Now, for instance, couldn't you have interested Jennie unobtrusively in history, so that she would have finally turned to it?"

"I suppose so; but really, mama, she ought to want to improve herself, and the book she was reading was real trashy."

"Granted; but there is more excuse for her reading than there would be for Nell Weston, is there not? And then she she the only one in the world that ought to want to do things that they don't?"

Nell colored again. Mama did ask such very uncomfortable questions.

"He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust," said Mrs. Weston. "Just think what a comfort that is! 'He knoweth our frame,' how weak and sinful and tempted it is, and He remembereth patiently, lovingly and forgivingly that we are dust. Cannot we bear patiently with one another, Nellie?"

Nell really meant to be more patient and helpful, but a troublesome toothache kept her awake most of the night. The next day was Saturday, and she always thought that the worst day in the week, she so hated working in the little hot kitchen all the morning.

Then to-day everything went wrong, as everything will sometimes. The fire would not draw, and her cake, which at first promised well, went provokingly to the bottom of the pan. Jennie broke the handle off her pretty blue cup in washing it, and Teddy, under foot as usual, in some unaccountable way upset the custard she was carrying to the pantry to cool.

Nell's patience gave out completely then. Putting down the almost empty bowl, she marched poor frightened little Teddy out of the kitchen in a twinkling.

"There!" she said sharply. "Will you keep out from under my feet? You are nothing but an everlasting bother. Don't you step your foot into this kitchen again to-day!"

Then she went back and prepared to make another custard, paying not the least attention to Teddy's howls. Indeed, she rather enjoyed hearing him; she was too tired and had not time to cry for herself, and he certainly made noise enough for both.

Jennie sniffed contemptuously and significantly as Nell went back and forth from the pantry to the stove.

"I suppose you think you're powerful good," she said at last, "but I ain't no crosser to you, if I don't do quite so much preaching to other folks."

Nell vociferated no answer to this remark. Teddy, finding that he made no impression, picked himself up and went in search of a more sympathetic audience.

Nell, coming in presently to set the table for dinner, overheard him reciting his tale of woe to Margie.

"She was crosser than anything, and she said she wished that I was dead and buried," he said.

"O Teddy, she didn't, did she?" exclaimed Margie in such a horrified tone that that young gentleman reluctantly modified his statement somewhat.

"Well, she said she never wanted to set her eyes on me again, and of course she'll have to keep on seeing me till I am dead and buried."

"Well," said Margie, after some thought, "I don't see as Nell's a bit gooder for being a Christian. I don't believe it makes any difference."

"Nor I," responded Teddy with alacrity.

"We won't try any more, I guess, for it's awful hard work." Poor Nell's cheeks were blazing. She put the dinner on the table, and then crept up-stairs to her own room. She could not swallow a mouthful herself, it would choke her, she knew. She could not cry; it did not seem to her that she ever should again, she felt so utterly miserable.

"There is no use in my trying to do good, or to be good," she sighed.

Then she took up a little book lying on the window-seat; anything was pleasanter than thinking. It was a book of letters to young Christians that her Sunday-school teacher had given her. It fell open in her lap, and glancing down she read:—

"My dear young friend, do not be too anxious to do some great work; be content to do the every-day duties that come to you cheerfully, and to the best of your ability, even in like manner as your Saviour would if in your place. Let the influence of your every-day life win souls to your Master."

Nell dropped the book, and buried her face in her hands. How had she done her every-day duties? What was the influence of her life? Margie's words, ringing in her ears, answered her.

Nell never forgot that afternoon. She went down-stairs and finished her work; then she shut herself up again.

"I could pack my trunk, leave everybody and everything, and go as a missionary to the cannibals easier than I can go down-stairs and say I am sorry to them," she said.

For Nell felt sure that she ought and must do just that—that she must confess and ask human forgiveness as well as divine.

The clock struck five. Nell knelt down by the bedside. When she arose she went resolutely down-stairs.

Margie was playing house in the dining-room. Teddy was perched on the table eating an apple. How many times had he been besought and commanded not to sit there! Jennie was picking over berries for tea. Nell paused irresolutely. Surely she need not do it now; some other time would do as well; but then, Jennie ought to know, for she had been a stumbling-block to her also. Teddy, knowing full well that he was on forbidden ground, prepared himself for war, and surveyed Nell with an air of defiant, injured dignity.

"Teddy," said Nell, speaking hurriedly, as though fearful of giving out, "I am very sorry to you this morning, but I am sorry now. Will you forgive me?"

Teddy was too astonished to answer, but he jumped down from the table.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe I was a little to blame myself," which admission was quite a concession for Ted to make.

"I've changed my mind," he said confidentially to Margie that night.

"Nell is gooder than she was."

"I wonder what made her do that," queried Jennie to herself. "It must have been a tough job. Maybe there is something to it, after all."

WHEN REST COMES.

BY EMMET E. HENFORD.

Some day, at sunset, you will go,
And look away toward the hill,
And one dark spot upon the snow
With sudden tears your eyes will fill.

And when you see will be the sod
They heaped between my face and God.

But oh, my friend, you need not weep
To think of me beneath the mold,
I shall be wrapped in sweetest sleep,
Safe from the winter's storm and cold.

At peace with all the world will be
The heart of him you cannot see.

Death seems to me a night of rest
Before the dawn of morning breaks,
And surely, surely, that is best
For the tired heart, before it wakes.

To life we cannot comprehend,
Until our earthly sorrows end.

So weep not for the friend you miss
Asleep upon the stormy hill,
Perhaps your friendly farewell kiss
Will linger in his memory still;

And if it does, his dreams will be
The sweeter for the memory.

"STRONG MEAT."

BY B. M. PALMER.

I find myself now and then casting about for something deep, and rich, and strong in the way of Christian doctrine and experience. A few years ago I got hold of a very old copy of Rutherford's meditations, and found plenty of strong meat as well as an abundance of exquisite sweetness. What is the cause, says Wesley, in his Journal, of so much feebleness and falling away among us but our resting in the little beginnings of sanctification? "Every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness; for he is a babe."

How comparatively superficial is the average religious experience! A look at Christ is ravishing; why, then, is not our gaze more constant and steady? Because there is more or less of an eclipse; we do not clearly see the chief among ten thousand. We need the strong meat of God's Word digested into our own experience. The thirst for riches, for political preferment, for luxury, etc., should stimulate the Christian to the legitimate seeking for the deep things of God.

Strong meat for the body, and strong meat for the soul; no more is the first built up by solid nourishment than the last. As pastry and condiments stimulate and excite for the moment, so do the superficials—so to speak—of religion for the time; but we need the marrow and fatness of the Gospel to make us useful, successful, safe!

If it cannot be denied that "many are weak and sickly among us, and that many sleep," what is the matter? We are fed too much from the pulpit with diluted food; our reading and conversation are too careless and frothy; our associates are too worldly; in short, our food is too much that of babes. Try the "strong meat" of the Gospel.

The Little Folks.

GIVING.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday, don't you?"

"Why, no—I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it all for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts. And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to." The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they

had heard, from a missionary, some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And as heart always awakens heart he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other; of down-trodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land: "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centered in the Dark Continent, and little societies were formed among Sunday school children, they believing it would be pleasant to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account-book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, looking at the book on the same evening after tea.

"O, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; bat, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; base-ball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents."

"O stop, Uncle George, that isn't it. That's when I was visiting at cousin Tom's, and I promised mama I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear and went on.

"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoes mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle," said Phil, "I don't see no use."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spending than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page, "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving. And I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to be regular!"

He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list and thought with his newly-awakened feelings of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account book she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look and feel like a quarter for a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."

Y. Y. Observer.

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be the need of grace From comrades or from neighbor,
Passes all the strife, the toil, the care,< And tender love shall have gained Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise, Will tell our merits o'er,
And eyes too swift our faults to see, Shall no defect discover.

Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber Our steep hill-path, shall then raise flowers Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I, Ere love is past forever,
Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living.

To-day's regretted words may save Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then path to me, when keenest edge May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when Beyond

Zion's Herald

FOR THE YEAR 1885.

Let the Canvass Commence at Once.

The paper will be sent from October 1st the remainder of the year free to all new subscribers, making fifteen months for one subscription.

Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and January 1.

The price of subscription can be paid to the preacher in charge, or forwarded direct to the publishing office, by post-office orders or bank checks; or, when these modes of sending are not available, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

When the full amount of the subscription price (\$2.50) is received, their paper will be credited to January 1, 1885.

We earnestly hope every minister will announce this offer to his congregation, and secure an increase of the number of subscribers to Zion's Herald on his charge.

Lists will be sent immediately to all the preachers.

Will each reader of the paper inform his neighbor, who may not be a subscriber, of our offer?

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

The paper contains an average of forty-two columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cents per number.

Each issue contains articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper. All letters on business should be directed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,

36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

[Continued from page 1.]

singers will be led by Mr. Leroy N. D. Pickett, a former student of the college, who traveled with the original Tennesseans for eight years, and who has won for himself quite a high reputation as a violinist and cornet player as well as a fine vocalist. The band is mostly made up of students of the college, who go out to aid the Freedmen's Aid Society in its noble work of providing educational facilities for the colored people.

The proceeds of their concert will be devoted to the erection of such buildings as will meet the pressing needs of the Central Tennessee College. Rev. H. W. Key is expected to have the management of the singers. They will be ready for engagements after the middle of September. Any parties wishing to have their services, can write to Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the undersigned, at Nashville, Tenn.

J. BRADEN.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, September 2.

Suicide, by cutting his throat, of Mahlon Bynon, president of the National Bank of New Jersey.

Discovery of a natural gas well at Savoy, Ill., while digging for water.

Republican victory in Maine. Governor Robie's plurality about 14,000.

Sixty-five acres of territory burned over at the Cleveland fire; the property loss aggregating \$250,000.

Trade, in Naples, paralyzed by the cholera scourge. Ten thousand fishermen and large numbers of workmen out of employment.

Wednesday, September 10.

Reading of interesting papers on scientific subjects before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Philadelphia.

Prof. H. A. Newton, of Yale College, elected president for the ensuing year.

Occurrence of the funeral of the late Secretary Folger at Geneva, N. Y., the President and cabinet and a large number of other distinguished persons being present.

Seventeen persons overcome by the heat in New York yesterday, three of whom died.

Occurrence of five deaths from the same cause in Philadelphia, the thermometer there indicating 100 degrees in the shade.

Rapid increase of the cholera mortality throughout Italy.

Arrival in Alexandria, Egypt, of Gen. Lord Wolseley and Lord Northbrook.

Thursday, September 11.

The greater part of the town of Clear Lake, Wis., swept away by a cyclone. Three lives lost.

Opening exercises, yesterday, of the triennial exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, in this city.

Nomination, at the Prohibitory State convention, in this city, of President Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst, for governor, and Henry H. Faxon, of Quincy, for lieutenant governor.

The cholera scourge at Naples, Italy, rapidly growing worse. In twenty-four hours 937 fresh cases reported, and occurrence of 365 deaths.

Destruction, by fire, of Stock & Co.'s leather works at Leeds, Eng., the property loss reaching \$250,000.

Appointment of the Earl of Dufferin, at present British ambassador at Constantinople, viceroy of Egypt.

Election of General Pacheco president of the republic of Bolivia.

Friday, September 12.

Nearly four hundred houses swept away by the flood in Eau Claire, Wis. The destruction of property will aggregate \$1,000,000. The waters are receding.

The total loss of property by the cyclone at Clear Lake, Wis., will reach \$250,000.

Burning of a furniture factory and a dozen small dwellings adjoining in South Baltimore, Md.; property loss, \$200,000.

The schooner "Dresden" of Maches, Me., run down off Cape Cod by the steamer "Lorenzo D. Barker."

Occurrence of 328 more deaths from cholera at Naples, and 966 fresh cases reported.

Saturday, September 13.

The next annual meeting of the American Social Science Association will be held at Saratoga in September, 1885.

Seventeen persons, including the bride, poisoned by eating canned fruit at an Illinois wedding feast.

Assignment made by Stafford & Co., manufacturers of cotton yarns, having mills in Fall River, Pawtucket, and other places; their liabilities estimated at from \$250,000 to \$400,000.

At Naples 848 fresh cases of cholera reported, and 356 deaths.

The recent victory of the madir of Dongola over the rebels at Ambakel confirmed.

The British Parliament will reassemble the 23d of October.

Monday, September 15

Sinking of the Mexican steamer, "Dos Hermanas," from Philadelphia, off Frying-Pan Shoals. Five persons lost.

Nearly 700 deaths from cholera at Naples since midnight of Friday, and 1,209 new cases reported.

Osman Digna victorious in a battle fought at Suakim.

Signing of the educational bill by the king of Belgium.

The most important building completed within a year in the Back Bay territory is that of the Y. M. C. A. erected at an expense of over \$200,000, and provided with every requisite for the moral, mental and physical needs of young men. With excellent judgment, this location and building have been chosen for the founding of an extensive preparatory school, for both sexes. Messrs. Taylor, De Meritte and Hagar, who have long been prominent as superintendents and heads of departments in Chauncy Hall School, have taken three lady assistants from the same school and added several special attention is given to mathematics and French in fitting for the Institute of Technology, and in classics and literature for Harvard. We understand that the pressure in the High School department has already required an additional number of desks. The school opens September 22, and can hardly fail of marked success.

One of the greatest advances in practical economy to ladies, both as to time and expense, is the dyeing and cleaning of dresses and garments, without taking apart. Not even necessary to remove the linings. All colors (the goods will allow) are dyed, and the dress is returned finished quite equal to the original.

A valuable book, giving full information and prices, is mailed free, on application to LEWAND'S French Dye-House, 17 Temple Place, Boston.

[From E. B. Churchill, Esq., Office of Lynn Fire Department, Lynn, Mass.]

Messrs. Lebosquet Bros., Boston, Mass.—The Steam Heating Apparatus that you furnished and set up in the Federal Street Engine House has been in every respect doing its work faithfully, and has been run day and night since it was put in operation. An engine house is a peculiar building to heat, especially a double building like this; and we have given the Apparatus a severe test during this cold winter, when all the doors were thrown open; and we were agreeably surprised at the comparatively short time needed to heat the building again after it was so thoroughly cooled off. This is a merit of no small importance, and justifies all you recommended at the time of purchase. It requires but little attention; does its work without noise or hammering, as far as our experience goes; and that has been very exacting. Every part was set up, with a view to getting the heat from the steam, in a plain, substantial manner, where all parts of the Apparatus can be inspected by any one who chooses to examine it; and thus far we have not had to lay out one cent on it for repairs or alterations.

The special carpet sale by Messrs. John and James Dobson, 525 and 527 Washington Street, will attract, by reason of very low prices for first-class goods, all those who are in need of anything in this line. See advertisement in another column.

To produce a perfect Duplex Piano or Organ Solo, for duets, combining utility with elegance, has been the study of inventors of musical taste, for years. The Lamb Knitting Machine Mfg. Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have succeeded in perfecting such a one, which is fully described in another column. See their advertisement.

School teachers will be interested in the announcement of Children's Glee Book in another column of this paper.

"Oh! to be nothing." The way to be nothing is to do nothing. Better send a dollar to J. J. Pike & Co., Chelsea, Mass., for its worth in Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve, and sell (or give) it to your afflicted friends. The way to be "something," is to make yourself useful.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

NORWICH DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

OCT.

Maabapung, 4, 5; Eastford, 6, 7; West Thompson, 8; Putnam, 9; Danvers, 10; Danversville, 11; Attawabauk, 12; Danversville, 13; Danversville, 14; Danversville, 15; Danversville, 16; Danversville, 17; Danversville, 18; Danversville, 19; Danversville, 20; Danversville, 21; Danversville, 22; Danversville, 23; Danversville, 24; Danversville, 25; Danversville, 26; Danversville, 27; Danversville, 28; Danversville, 29; Danversville, 30.

NOV.

Vernon Depot, 1, 2; Danversville, 3, 4; Danversville, 5, 6; Danversville, 7, 8; Danversville, 9, 10; Danversville, 11, 12; Danversville, 13, 14; Danversville, 15, 16; Danversville, 17, 18; Danversville, 19, 20; Danversville, 21, 22; Danversville, 23, 24; Danversville, 25, 26; Danversville, 27, 28; Danversville, 29, 30.

DEC.

Staffordville, 1; Danversville, 2; Danversville, 3; Danversville, 4; Danversville, 5; Danversville, 6; Danversville, 7; Danversville, 8; Danversville, 9; Danversville, 10; Danversville, 11; Danversville, 12; Danversville, 13; Danversville, 14; Danversville, 15; Danversville, 16; Danversville, 17; Danversville, 18; Danversville, 19; Danversville, 20; Danversville, 21; Danversville, 22; Danversville, 23; Danversville, 24; Danversville, 25; Danversville, 26; Danversville, 27; Danversville, 28; Danversville, 29; Danversville, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—FIFTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—SIXTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—SEVENTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

Lawiston District—Second and Third Quarters.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—EIGHTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—NINTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—TENTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—ELEVENTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—TWELFTH QUARTER.

REPT.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

NOV.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

DEC.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

RECELTON DISTRICT—THIRTEENTH QUARTER.

REPT.

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